Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet merciſull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was here; ha, no more moueing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'll ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;
O inſupportable: O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclips
Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I doe beſeech you I may ſpeake with you, good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent.* Emil.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What, now?
Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Caſsio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Caſsio* kild?
Em. No, *Caſsio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Caſsio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And ſweete reuenge growes harſh.
Des. O falſly, falſly murdered.
Em. O Lord, what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Em. Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce;

Helpe,

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady ſpeake againe,
Sweete *Deſdemona*, O ſweete Miſtreſſe ſpeake.
Des. A guiltleſſe death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Des. No body, I my ſelfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *She dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her ſay, her ſelfe, it was not I.
Em. She ſayd ſo, I muſt needes report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning Hell,
'Twas I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell ſhe,
And you the blacker diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Em. Thou doeſt bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Em. Thou as raſh as fire,
To ſay that ſhe was falſe: O ſhe was heauenly true.
Oth. *Caſsio* did top her, aske thy husband elſe,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed, vpon iuſt grounds,
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That ſhe was falſe to wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſsio*: nay, had ſhe bin true,
If heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one intire and perfect Criſolite,
I'de not haue ſold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime,
That ſticks on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I ſay thy husband.
Em. If he ſay ſo, may his pernitious ſoule